Characters

- Lenny, late thirties, Latino, just out of prison
- Daisy, thirties, African-American, Lenny's girl
- Skank, twenties, white, a junkie
- Sammy, late sixties to seventies, white, a drunk, almost dead
- Miss Reyes, forties, Latina
- Demaris, seventeen, Latina, Miss Reyes's daughter
- Jake, late forties, Italian-American, bar owner
- Vic, a credit-card company entrepreneur
- Chickie, twenties, white, a crackhead
- Charlie, thirty, Italian-American, bartender
- Greer, thirties, African-American
- Holy Roller, a John
- Cop, undercover vice squad

SETTING

The Hell's Kitchen/Times Square neighborhood of the mid 1990s New York City.

Act 1

Act 1, Scene 1

ACT I: Scene 1: Monday. 3 a˙m˙ The bar.

LENNY

(*To* SKANK)

There's two kinds a people in this world: those who annoy the shit outta me, but not enough for me to actually beat them, and those that are so fuckin' annoying that even after I beat them, I still doan feel no satisfaction 'cuz I can still feel them inside a me, like when you eat some bad shit, like some crazy Indian food, and it just stays in there! You can't even shit it out 'cuz it … it lingers! You hear what I'm sayin': linger!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I want my money, Lenny!

LENNY

(*To* SKANK)

Put it this way: If I was the mayor, I'd make a law that stated that all people such as yourself, if you kill them, all you get is like a summons!

SKANK

Listen, man —

LENNY

One more thing: Get your hand out the peanuts!

SKANK

Hey, big guy man, I have a right —

LENNY

You have a right? You have no rights! I'm a put it like this —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny —

LENNY

(*To* DAISY)

Stick a clam in it!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You stick a clam in it!

LENNY

I should stick a clam in it?! Lemme tell you this —

(*To* SKANK)

Hey! You think I'm playin? Eat a peanut! Go ahead, eat a peanut! Please eat a peanut with those filthy hands so I could decapitate them right off your wrists like a lawn mower. I'll go "Whaa-chump"! You'll be handless!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny —

LENNY

And you too! I'll "Whaa-chump" you, you'll be lipless! You'll be talkin shit, people be saying; "What Daisy talkin' about?" and they'll be like: "I doan know, bitch ain't got no lips"!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Gimme my money, Lenny!

LENNY

Money? Whatchyoo talkin', money?

(*To* SKANK)

Where you going?

SKANK

Jukebox.

LENNY

I'll allow you to play A7, E4, and …

(*To* DAISY)

Baby, what's that other one I like by that rock guy wit the —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Gimme my money!

LENNY

(*To* SKANK)

A7, E4, you play anything I doan like, I'll beat you.

SKANK

Okay.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny —

LENNY

(*To* SKANK)

And wipe down the buttons after you press them.

(*To* DAISY)

He prolly got the herps, right baby? Where's the beer taker?

(*Shouts*)

Yo, beer!

(*To himself*)

Irish mothahfuckahs, they're either standing over you like vultures waiting for you to fuck up, or they're disappearin' to the bathroom like ghosts.

(*To* DAISY)

Did he bring the paper with him?

SKANK

Uh, dude? You got any, like, a coupla quarters?

LENNY

What?

SKANK

It's juss that … never mind.

(SKANK *goes to jukebox.*)

LENNY

Goddamn right, "never mind"! This ain't no Banco Popular, mothahfuckah!

(*To* DAISY)

Man thinks I'm a ATM!

(*To* SKANK)

I ain't no ATM!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I coulda told him that.

LENNY

Whatchu mean by that?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lissen —

LENNY

Whatchu tryin' to instigate? Huh?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You need to check yourself, Lenny!

LENNY

I need to check myself?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You need to check your ass.

LENNY

Check my ass?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Don't talk to me.

LENNY

You need to check your ass! You better check your ass, or your ass'll be checked for you!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Please.

LENNY

You'll be checking your ass into St˙ Claire's after I beat that ass, with your lip talkin' to me like that.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You wanna try me?

LENNY

I'm the man. You not the man. I'm the man. Respect the man.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Respect the man.

LENNY

Dass right. "Respect the man, you respect yourself."

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Don't talk that jail talk.

LENNY

Respect the man!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You still locked up?

LENNY

Respect the man.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Respect the man?

LENNY

Juss like that.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

"Respect the man."

LENNY

End of story.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Respect the fat, unemployed, lives-wit'-his-momma man!

LENNY

You're crossing the border, baby!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Why doan you cross the border, get your ass a job, stop leechin'?!

LENNY

You know what a leech is? A leech is a vermin. Point blank: You think I'm a species of vermin?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I'm going to the Chinese —

LENNY

How you going to Chinese without me?!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

One time! Gimme my money or I'll call your P˙O˙ right now; "Lenny's in a bar, he hit me, he got the crack in his pocket."

LENNY

Call him!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Fine.

LENNY

Wait! C'mon, let's go Chinese together, be friends.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I doan think you wanna test me.

LENNY

I'm hungry.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny!

LENNY

Okay, okay. Here, take the money, bring me back a Kung Foo Platter, some ribs, coupla spring rolls —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Later for you.

LENNY

Yo, what kinda welcome home is this?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Welcome home? I been welcoming your crusty ass home all week! You been welcomed. You want some more welcoming?

LENNY

I'm juss sayin' —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You are welcome to buy your own cigarettes! You are welcome to pay for your own drinks —

LENNY

You got a short memory 'cuz —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You are welcome to buy the fuckin' paper and look for a damn job!

LENNY

Fine! Fine! You wanna steak dinner? C'mon, less go. I'm gonna buy you a steak dinner with a bottle a wine and a friggin' pecan pie with the pistachio ice cream. C'mon, less go.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You ain't buyin' shit.

LENNY

I'll buy it. Whaddya want? A yacht? 'Cuz I'll buy you a yacht. You know why? 'Cuz I love you —

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Psssssssss!

LENNY

Doan you walk away from me! Hey!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What?

(*Pause*)

LENNY

Save me a coupla chicken wings.

(DAISY *turns away, goes to exit.*)

LENNY

I'll see you when you come back…

(*she exits*)

Daisy!

(*beat*)

Heartless! She a heartless individual. Sammy! Sammy, your wife fuck wit' you like dat?

(SAMMY, *a very old drunk, stirs.*)

SAMMY

My wife?

LENNY

Yeah.

SAMMY

She here?

LENNY

Nah, Sam.

SAMMY

Good.

LENNY

Gladdis fucks with you?

SAMMY

Gladdis?

LENNY

Your wife!

SAMMY

My wife? You mean Gladdis?

LENNY

Yeah. She fucks with you, right?

SAMMY

Fifty years.

LENNY

Long time.

SAMMY

Fifty-one years next month.

LENNY

But you love her, right? Sammy? Sammy?

SAMMY

Huh?

LENNY

You love your wife?

SAMMY

My wife?

LENNY

Yeah.

SAMMY

My wife? Fuck my wife!

LENNY

Okay.

(*Pause*)

SAMMY

She here?

LENNY

No, Sammy.

SAMMY

Good. Fuck her.

LENNY

Fuck Daisy too! Fuck them all, except my mother. Sammy, you know my mother, right?

SAMMY

Fuck your mother!

LENNY

Sammy, take it easy … I'm talkin' about my moms. You know my moms, she come in sometimes, Marisol. You know Marisol, right Sammy? Sammy?

SAMMY

Marisol?

LENNY

Dass right.

SAMMY

I like Marisol.

LENNY

Thank you.

SAMMY

Everybody likes Marisol.

LENNY

Did she ever make you her Pernil?

SAMMY

Marisol, she's good. I like Marisol.

LENNY

She raised me.

SAMMY

I'll tell ya somethin' … My wife here?

LENNY

Nah, Sammy.

SAMMY

Good. I used to know a Puerto Rican lady named Marisol, back when I was still drivin' the bus.

LENNY

Yeah?

SAMMY

She had a big ass!

LENNY

Yeah?

SAMMY

I like that.

LENNY

Right.

SAMMY

Gladdis … is she here?

LENNY

No, Sam.

SAMMY

Gladdis got no ass to speak of. She got that Irish ass, looks like a saltine cracker.

LENNY

She gotta flat ass?

SAMMY

Gladdis's ass and my ass, it's the same ass, exact same, but this lady, the señorita Marisol, she had a big ass.

LENNY

Uh huh.

SAMMY

I like that.

(*Pause*)

LENNY

Yeah. The thing wit' Daisy is, like, she says, "Why you live wit your moms," you know, like chumpin' me and shit, and I'm supposed ta juss take her abuse, 'cuz thass the word for it, it's fuckin' abuse. But what I would like ta say to her, but I can't 'cuz then it'd be like World War III, is "You live wit' my mothah too, bitch! At least I got a mothah to live wit'! You think I need you constantly reminding me that I'm past thirty-five still livin' at home? Thing is, Sammy, like, maybe you could … Sammy? Sammy?

SAMMY

I ate a bananna in 1969, thought it was an avocado.

LENNY

Sam?

SAMMY

Avocado …

LENNY

Sammy?

(SKANK *returns from jukebox.*)

SKANK

LENNY

Stop it

(*To* SAM)

Sammy?

(*To himself*)

Drunks … useless …

SKANK

Lenny —

LENNY

(*To* SKANK)

You still here? Beat it.

SKANK

Listen, uh, Lenny —

LENNY

Don't call me by my name, that's my name! I get called by my name from those I choose to allow them the privilege. Get outta here! Now!

SKANK

I juss thought maybe you could pick the songs you like, man, because, uh, A7 and E4, there's nothing there, and so, why don't you just pick the songs?

LENNY

I should pick the songs?

SKANK

Yeah.

LENNY

I look like a deejay?

SKANK

I don't know, but I got some selections over there, paid for, and, uh, maybe, I mean if you want, you

could play E12 'cuz uh, fuck, did I say E12? I meant B12, it's uh, dag, what is her name? You know, she was a jazz singer, she was a junkie? Dag, man, it's on the tip a my —

LENNY

Get the fuck out outta here now!

SKANK

You know what? We don't have to listen to music 'cuz, uh, music … music … Fuck music! Right? Fuckin' music fuckin' sucks.

LENNY

Wass your name?

SKANK

My name?

LENNY

You now what? I don't need to know your name. I'm

gonna give you a name. Your name is "About to Get Your Ass Kicked Fuckin' Skank." You got that?
SKANK

Hey, man, that's … I don't like that.

LENNY

You don't like that?

SKANK

I mean, it's cool, I guess, but —

LENNY

Listen, Skank, it's time for you to go.

SKANK

Okay, okay, I'll just be quiet, okay?

LENNY

No.

SKANK

I'll sit in the b'ack.

LENNY

No.

SKANK

See, man, the thing is, thing is I got a drink coming, from the guy, the bartender, so, uh, I'd like to just —

LENNY

Do you see a bartender?

SKANK

Do I see a, no, but …

LENNY

Do you see this knife?

SKANK

Okay. I'm leaving.

(SKANK *exits. A beat. He returns.*)

SKANK

This is wrong, man, this is, I want my drink! My drink is owed to me and I want it, and if you wanna fuckin' stab me,

then fuckin' stab! Okay? I been stabbed before, I'll be stabbed again, fuck it man, stab!

(LENNY *goes to stab him.*)

SKANK

Whoa! Whoa! Wait! I'm goin', I'm goin'!

(SKANK *exits again. A beat.* SKANK *opens the door very slightly and whispers through the crack.*)

SKANK

Dude? Big guy? Whoa, Whoa! Don't get up. Listen. I'm gonna wait out here. When the bartender comes back, I'm gonna get my buy back, guzzle it, and split. Okay? Okay? Right, great, I'll be out

here.

(SKANK *exits, a pause, the bar door opens.*)

LENNY

That's it, death!

(MISS REYES *and* DEMARIS *appear.*)

LENNY

Oh. Hi, Miss Reyes. Hi, Demaris.

MISS REYES

Oh, my God! When you got out, baby?!

DEMARIS

It's fuckin' pourin' out there.

MISS REYES

Guttermouth!

DEMARIS

Chicken head!

MISS REYES

If you want to drink on my check, you better reconsider that attitude.

DEMARIS

My hair's all fucked up!

MISS REYES

Keep playin' games wit' me, see what happens.

(*To* LENNY)

Whassamatter, Poppo, no hugs and kisses? Doan be stingy, baby, give it up.

(*They embrace;* LENNY *halfheartedly,* MISS REYES *with gusto.*)

MISS REYES

Mira, Lenny, you lookin' good, Poppo. They feeded you good up there, eh?

DEMARIS

How come Daisy at the Chinese eatin' wit dat nigga?

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

What his name, "Cheyenne"?

LENNY

Who is Cheyenne?

DEMARIS

He a nigga.

MISS REYES

He is not! He's one of those Bible people, Poppo, you know, decent, nothing to worry.

LENNY

But, Miss Reyes, that's my lady!

MISS REYES

Lissen, Poppo, I know she's your lady, but a woman like Daisy, a little religion couldn't hurt.

DEMARIS

Look who's fuckin' talkin'.

MISS REYES

If you ask me, you deserve better, Poppo, a man with things like you got.

DEMARIS

You're disgusting.

MISS REYES

I'm just saying.

DEMARIS

Buy a dildo, Ma, it's cheaper.

MISS REYES

Can you believe that she came from out of my uterus, Lenny?

DEMARIS

I wanna margarita, Ma.

MISS REYES

You thirsty, Lenny?

LENNY

Yeah.

MISS REYES

Well, we gonna take care a that! All you can drink, then, we gonna drink one more! Ay, where's the bartender, what's his name, the Irish?

LENNY

Thass what I wanna know.

MISS REYES

(*Shouts*)

Excuse me, Mr˙ Irish, you back there?

DEMARIS

Less go to the other place, Ma.

MISS REYES

They doan cash my check there.

DEMARIS

So? Just blow them like you do when I'm not around.

MISS REYES

Demaris!

DEMARIS

I'm juss playin'.

MISS REYES

Lenny doesn't know that you're just playin'!

DEMARIS

I'm juss playin', Lenny, my mother's a virgin.

MISS REYES

Where is this man?

(*Shouts*)

Excuse me, please, you have customers out here waiting for ordering!

DEMARIS

I went to Spofford!

LENNY

Yeah?

DEMARIS

I fucked bitches up! Niggas try to play me, I jack them up too! I got a new hairstyle, but it's fucked up because a the rain.

MISS REYES

Demaris, stop flirting.

DEMARIS

I ain't flirtin'!

MISS REYES

How's my son doing up there, Lenny? He's okay?

LENNY

Yeah. You should, maybe, visit him.

MISS REYES

Please. It's enough with my husband and my grandson.

LENNY

Mr˙ Reyes is locked up? When's he get out?

DEMARIS

2007.

LENNY

Thass not so bad.

MISS REYES

Please. My first man was a black, he got locked up. Then I had a Irish, they locked him up. DeMaris father was Italian, he's still locked up. Mr˙ Reyes can stay locked up, for all I care. You know what I'm gonna do? The next time I marry a man, it's gonna be an Indian man with his own newsstand, something nice.

DEMARIS

I wanna fuckin' drink, Ma!

MISS REYES

You juss asking for the belt tonight, aren't you?

DEMARIS

The belt? What are you, trippin'?

LENNY

Listen, why don't we go to Donnelly's, you could cash a check there.

DEMARIS

Donnelly's? That's *been* closed.

LENNY

They closed Donnelly's?

MISS REYES

Two years ago.

LENNY

Okay, what about we go to that old lady's joint on Fifty-fourth —

MISS REYES

That's gone, baby.

LENNY

So, fine, we'll go to that Muggsy's, whaddya call it, Bar and Tap.

MISS REYES

Muggsy died, they making a Disney something.

LENNY

Disney?

MISS REYES

Ay, bendito, you been gone awhile.

LENNY

I thought Disney was Florida.

MISS REYES

Disney's spreading, just like the AIDS

(*Pause*)

LENNY

Hey, Demaris, how's Wilfred, I ain't seen him.

DEMARIS

You ain't seen him 'cuz he dead.

LENNY

He's dead?

MISS REYES

Oh yeah. *Mira,* after he died, his mother, she got so depressed, she died. And then her husband and his brother, they went out one night, and they died — except they got killed.

LENNY

Which brother you talkin' about? Carlos?

MISS REYES

Oh, no, not Carlos, but he dead too.

LENNY

What?

MISS REYES

Yeah. He was doing real good, too. He finished his treatment program, and he got, like, a good job, right? So, his job, right? He was working in a lavatory for science, but he wasn't a scientist or nothing, he was a custodian, but he liked the job 'cuz you know how he was always innerested in, like, the stars and mechanics? Anyway, he was happy, and proud, too. He was walking around like his old self, you remember?

DEMARIS

Macho man.

MISS REYES

Four foot eleven in shoes, but he could carry himself, right?

DEMARIS

He was cute.

MISS REYES

Anyways, he was cleaning up the lavatory one night and he decided to mop the walk-in cooler 'cuz he was going all out on this job.

DEMARIS

Mami, tell him why they got a cooler.

MISS REYES

Because a dead brains!

LENNY

What?

MISS REYES

They do experiments on dead brains to see how they could make research. But they gotta be cold, 'cuz I don't know why.

DEMARIS

So they could be fresher.

MISS REYES

Anyway, Carlos, he opens the cooler, walks in, starts mopping, and then he dies.

LENNY

How did he die?

MISS REYES

You see, earlier, Carlos walked into the lab and saw that somebody had left out a really big piece a dry ice, like a mini iceberg. So Carlos, being Carlos, sees the dry ice getting wasted, so he drags it into the cooler and forgets about it. Later, like, hours later, he returns to mop the cooler but the dry ice, it makes gas, you know …

DEMARIS

Carbon dioxides.

MISS REYES

The cooler was filled up with carbon oxides, which is poison. And invisible! But Carlos didn't know he was walkin' into poisons 'cuz it don't smell like nothing, so he just died.

DEMARIS

Nigga died.

MISS REYES

The worst part too? He died on payday!

DEMARIS

Thass so messed up!

MISS REYES

They found the check in his pocket. He didn't even get to cash his first check.

DEMARIS

See what happens when you try to do the right thing?

LENNY

I … we … we used to play handball together. Me, Carlos, Figgy —

DEMARIS

Figgy dead too.

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

Nah, I'm juss playin'. He at Rikers.

MISS REYES

Oh! Do you remember Mikey the Cop?

LENNY

Dead?

DEMARIS

Nah, but he was was one of the cops who shot that black guy.

LENNY

Ya mean the black guy in the papers?

MISS REYES

No, no, not that black guy. It was … All I know, it was one of those black guys they shot

(you know how they do?)

like from a coupla months ago.

DEMARIS

It was longer than that.

MISS REYES

Anyways, one of the black guys who the cops shot this year, that I can't remember which one, it was Mikey who shotted him.

DEMARIS

Thass why I got a gun, so I could shoot back.

MISS REYES

Doan get me started on that gun, Demaris! Lenny, do you think it's proper for a seventeen-years-old girl to carry a gun?

LENNY

I doan know.

DEMARIS

Tell him about Lucy!

LENNY

Lissen: anything *good* happen while I was gone?

MISS REYES

Sure! They got a two-dollah movie theater! But now it cost $3.50.

DEMARIS

They closing it, Ma.

MISS REYES

Don't say that!

DEMARIS

Serious. They gonna make a underground shopping mall.

MISS REYES

Thass not true!

DEMARIS

Face it, bitch, it's true.

MISS REYES

Demaris, what I told you about calling me a bitch?

DEMARIS

I'm juss saying they closing the theater, bitch.

MISS REYES

Stop it! Juss stop it.

LENNY

Demaris, you wanna smack? The fuck is wrong wit' you?

DEMARIS

Excuse you?

LENNY

Someone need to spank your ass.

DEMARIS

All I said was they closing the theater 'cuz they closing it, and she need to deal wit' that and get a fuckin' job so we could go to the regular fuckin' theaters like regular fuckin' peoples. They closing that mothahfuckuh down, all right?

MISS REYES

No way! I'm gonna make a complaint to Giuliani!

DEMARIS

He doan give a fuck about you.

MISS REYES

Stop with the language.

DEMARIS

He doan give a fuck about any a us niggas.

LENNY

Demaris!

MISS REYES

Ay, where is this bartender? This is not right!

DEMARIS

Why they want a old, ugly, alcoholic bitch in their theater for anyway?

(MISS REYES *smacks* DEMARIS. DEMARIS *punches* MISS REYES, *takes out her gun.*)

DEMARIS

I'll kill you, bitch.

MISS REYES

Demaris, stop!

DEMARIS

You don't raise your hand to me, bitch!

LENNY

Demaris!

DEMARIS

Those days are over, bitch, you got that?!

MISS REYES

I got it, I got it.

DEMARIS

Fuckin' slut.

(*To* LENNY)

The fuck you lookin' at?

LENNY

Thass your mother.

DEMARIS

That ain't my mother! Thass a old dried-up bitch think she can still beat me down. Thass a bitch down there.

MISS REYES

Don't talk back to her, Lenny.

(DEMARIS *kicks* MISS REYES.)

LENNY

Hey!

DEMARIS

The fuck you gonna do? You a bitch too.

LENNY

Excuse me?

(DEMARIS *turns the gun on* LENNY.)

DEMARIS

You deaf, bitch? You gonna spank me now, Lenny? Lemme ax you somethin': When you was upstate, you was suckin' mad dick, right?

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

Niggas was wearin' out that ass, right? Say "right"!

LENNY

Demaris —

DEMARIS

Say "right." They took your ass. Right?

LENNY

Listen —

DEMARIS

You think I'm playin' wit' you?

LENNY

No —

DEMARIS

So answer the fuckin' question. They raped you, right? Right?

LENNY

Demaris.

DEMARIS

Say it, bitch, say it!

LENNY

Yes.

DEMARIS

Yes, what?

LENNY

What you said … they did.

DEMARIS

They fucked you?

LENNY

DeMaris —

DEMARIS

For real?

LENNY

Yeah, Demaris, for real.

(Pause)

DEMARIS

Swear to God?

LENNY

Yeah.

DEMARIS

They fucked a big ape like you?

LENNY

I mean … I, I fought back … I …

DEMARIS

Oh, my Gawd!

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

Oh my God! You so stupid!

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

I was juss playin'.

LENNY

What?

DEMARIS

I was juss playin' and you shit your pants like a bitch!

MISS REYES

Demaris!

DEMARIS

(*To* MISS REYES)

You got something to say?

(*To* LENNY)

You got raped, huh?

LENNY

Demaris …

DEMARIS

Doan worry, I ain't tellin' nobody. You a bitch, though. Get up, Ma, less go.

MISS REYES

Okay, baby.

DEMARIS

Doan forget to remind me to get the Pampers on the way home.

MISS REYES

Yes, honey … I'm sorry, Lenny. She not like this when she takes her medicat —

DEMARIS

Shut your ass!

(*To* LENNY)

You know what, though? At least the man who put his dick in your ass wasn't family.

(*To* MISS REYES)

Less go, bitch. Less go get a margarita.

MISS REYES

Yes, baby.

DEMARIS

Less go!

(*They exit.* SAMMY *is sleeping.* LENNY *is alone. A beat.*)

(*Jake, the owner, enters from the back, sees* SAMMY *sleeping.*)

JAKE

Hey! Hey, fuckin' Rip Van Winkle, wake up! Hey!

SAMMY

Huh?

JAKE

Get the fuck outta here!

SAMMY

Shkeckin, shiiber froo.

JAKE

This ain't a fuckin' hotel. Get out, old man!!

(*To* LENNY)

This fuckin' bum, I should charge him a day rate.

(*To* SAMMY)

Next time you come in here, I'm gonna charge you $22.50 for the day, like the fuckin' Carlton Arms! You got that, Father Time?

SAMMY

Your Father —

JAKE

My father's dead, juss like you gonna be, any fuckin' day now.

SAMMY

This used to be a nice place.

JAKE

Yeah, then you came in.

(SAMMY *rises, crosses to the exit.*)

SAMMY

When you talk, I laugh.

JAKE

Well, laugh outside.

SAMMY

I'm laughin'.

(SAMMY *exits,* SKANK *enters.*)

SKANK

Hey, man.

JAKE

Out!

SKANK

Right.

(SKANK *exits.*)

LENNY

Say, Jake, where the bartender?

JAKE

I fired his ass.

LENNY

Good.

JAKE

He's in the back, callin' Ireland, cryin'.

LENNY

I been tryin' to get a drink for —

JAKE

Daisy Hernandez, you know her?

LENNY

Thass my girl.

JAKE

Yeah? Take her mail. Tell her she can't get her mail here no more.

LENNY

Why not?

JAKE

Making changes 'round here.

LENNY

Changes?

JAKE

Thass right. This ain't gonna be a skeeve house no more.

LENNY

Yeah?

JAKE

Dass right.

LENNY

Well, thass good. Those people, they destroy the atmosphere, right?

JAKE

(to himself)

Where's the friggin' key, damn it?

LENNY

Lemme get a … lemme get a shot a 151.

JAKE

Last call was twenty minutes ago.

LENNY

What?

JAKE

Bar is closed.

LENNY

Yeah, but —

JAKE

Bar is closed.

LENNY

Lemme juss —

JAKE

Bar is closed.

LENNY

I know, but —

JAKE

Bar is closed.

LENNY

Look —

JAKE

Bar is closed.

LENNY

You know what? You got a attitude!

JAKE

Also got a bar, and it's closed.

Act 1, Scene 2

Scene 2. Monday morning. 9 a˙m˙ An office on Thirty-seventh Street.

VIC

Siddown, Mr….

LENNY

Lenny.

VIC

"Mr˙ Lenny," have a seat.

LENNY

Yes, sir …

VIC

Sit. That's some cologne you're wearing.

LENNY

Thanks, uh, you want some?

VIC

I think you got us both covered there, Lenny. Quick question: You been drinkin'?

LENNY

Uh …

VIC

It's okay.

LENNY

Long night, but —

VIC

It's okay. If Vic say, "It's okay," then, it's okay … okay?

LENNY

Um …

VIC

Say "Okay."

LENNY

Okay.

VIC

If we find you drinkin' on the job, you're out on your ass though, okay?

LENNY

I wouldn't do that —

VIC

So, Mr˙ Lenny, tell me: Why do you want to be an On-Site Field Marketeer?

LENNY

Uh, I thought this job was for handin' out flyers.

VIC

It is.

LENNY

Oh.

VIC

But it's a lot more than that, Lenny. Lemme ask you somethin', Len: Where do you see yourself in five years?

LENNY

Thass a … I see myself … You know what I see, uh —

VIC

Lemme tell ya a little story, Len. Three years ago, I was right where you are now.

LENNY

Yeah?

VIC

Worse. Times are tough, right?

LENNY

A little.

VIC

Not for me, Len, not anymore, and I'll tell ya why: They took my house, they took my wife, my kids, my car, all the creature comforts, you know what they didn't take? Ask me what they didn't take!

LENNY

What —

VIC

My *initiative,* Len! A man with initiative, like yourself, like me, they can't take that away. Tell me the truth: You almost didn't come, right?

LENNY

It's true.

VIC

But you did come. Hey! They can send me all the college grads and M˙B˙A˙'s they want, you know what I say? I say, Send me one man with initiative. I don't want Yale, fuck Yale!

Give me one guy: School a Hard Knocks and some fire in his eye. You got that fire, Len?
LENNY

I do.

VIC

'Cuz if you don't, please, tell me now.

LENNY

Nah, I got it.

VIC

Okay … The moustache, it goes. We like our Marketeers clean shaven.

LENNY

My moustache?

VIC

Policy. Now, hypothetical question: How many flyers you think you can hand out in ten hours?

LENNY

Uh, like a thousand?

VIC

Doesn't help me. You could hand out two thousand, three; you could toss half a them in a garbage —

LENNY

I wouldn't do that.

VIC

That's not the point. The point is, Can you get the people up here? Can you get ten people per day to come up here, apply for a credit card?

LENNY

Credit card?

VIC

You wanna hand out Chinese takeout? That's across the street. You wanna make commissions? That's here. Every person you get up here, applies for a no-deposit, low-interest credit card, pays the fee, and gets accepted, that's five dollars in your pocket! Get ten people, that's fifty! Get twenty people,

Len, you're lookin at one hundred a day, and that's on top of your regular three bucks an hour!
LENNY

Three bucks an hour?

VIC

After training, yeah. Now, here's a piece a paper. I want you to write down the name, address, and phone number of twenty of your friends and family, anybody you know who's got bad credit.

LENNY

For what?

VIC

Every name you give me, it's like you've handed out a flyer. Anybody you know buys a credit card from us, five dollars in your pocket.

LENNY

You know what? I would prefer to just hand out the flyers. With my moustache still on, if that's possible.

VIC

I'm sorry to hear that. Tell you what, why don't you give me a call next week?

LENNY

No, no, you don't understand. I could hand out the flyers, I'm good at that.

VIC

I'm sure you are. Call me next week.

LENNY

Okay, look, I'll shave the moustache, it's not a problem.

VIC

Like I said —

LENNY

I see how they hand out those flyers on the street, most a those guys, they don't do it right, I watch

them —

VIC

Lenny, I got another appointment coming in.

LENNY

All right, why don't you just give me back my application fee, and I'll take off.

VIC

Nonrefundable.

LENNY

What?

VIC

Is this your signature?

LENNY

Hey! Juss gimme my fuckin' five dollahs back.

VIC

(Into intercom)

Ray? Get Rakim and Sal in here, we got a problem with an applicant.

LENNY

Who you think you playin' wit? Gimme my fuckin' five dollahs!

(RAKIM *and* SAL *enter.*)

RAKIM

Problem?

LENNY

What is this, a mugging?

VIC

Show Lenny the lobby.

Act 1, Scene 3

Scene 3: Monday. Late morning. The bar.

CHARLIE

Have you got a eight?

CHICKIE

No.

CHARLIE

You're supposed to say "Go Fish."

CHICKIE

Oh.

CHARLIE

Have you gotta nine?

CHICKIE

No.

CHARLIE

Chickie?

CHICKIE

What?

CHARLIE

You gotta say "Go Fish."

CHICKIE

Oh.

CHARLIE

So say it then.

CHICKIE

Go Fish.

CHARLIE

Your turn.

CHICKIE

Okay, um, do you have a nine?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

CHICKIE

I'll take that, thank you very much.

CHARLIE

Wait a sec, Chickie. I just axed you, do you gotta nine and you said no, so how come now you gotta nine?

CHICKIE

I don't know.

CHARLIE

You do too know!

CHICKIE

No I don't.

CHARLIE

If I ax you do you got something and you got it, you gotta give it to me.

CHICKIE

Why?

CHARLIE

'Cuz that's the game, understand?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Okay. You gotta jack?

CHICKIE

No.

CHARLIE

C'mon, Chickie, I know you gotta jack.

CHICKIE

No.

CHARLIE

Chickie, look me in my eye and tell me you ain't got no jack?

CHICKIE

Oh, okay, here.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

CHICKIE

You happy?

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm very happy.

CHICKIE

You don't look happy.

CHARLIE

It's your turn.

CHICKIE

I don't wanna play. I'm hungry.

CHARLIE

You wanna eat something?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Whaddya wanna eat?

CHICKIE

Fish! Shrimps!

CHARLIE

You can't eat shrimps for breakfast. Shrimps are for lunch or dinner, not breakfast.

CHICKIE

Can I eat lunch or dinner with you?

CHARLIE

If you want.

CHICKIE

Okay.

CHARLIE

Breakfast is for Egg McMuffins and chocolate milk, maybe some cereals, or, like, if it's a Sunday or a special day, you could have pancakes and bacon or waffles wit whip cream, somethin' like that. Oh! You know what?

CHICKIE

What?

CHARLIE

You could have salmon for breakfast, that's a breakfast thing.

CHICKIE

What's salmon?

CHARLIE

Whaddya mean?

CHICKIE

I mean, what's salmon?

CHARLIE

You don't know what a salmon is?

CHICKIE

What is it?

CHARLIE

A salmon is a salmon. It's a pink fish.

CHICKIE

Is it good?

CHARLIE

I don't know but, it's a fish.

CHICKIE

How about pizza?

CHARLIE

A pizza's not a fish, Chickie.

CHICKIE

Duh! I know that! I mean, How 'bout pizza? For breakfast?

CHARLIE

Pizza for breakfast?

CHICKIE

Yeah. Pleeeease?

CHARLIE

Okay, pizza it is.

CHICKIE

From the Arab place, okay?

CHARLIE

The Arabs?

CHICKIE

Please?

CHARLIE

Okay, from the Arabs.

CHICKIE

Sometimes I think you're nicer than my boyfriend.

CHARLIE

I am nicer than your boyfriend.

CHICKIE

No, you're not.

(Pause)

CHARLIE

I gotta go wash some glasses. Here's some dough for the pizza.

CHICKIE

You gotta girlfriend, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yeah. I got five girlfriends.

CHICKIE

How come they never come around?

CHARLIE

'Cuz they doan live here.

CHICKIE

Charlie? Do you think some time we could do something? I mean, not as girlfriend and boyfriend, but, like, the way we are now?

CHARLIE

Yeah, we could do that.

CHICKIE

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

CHICKIE

How come you're so big but Jose kicked your ass, and Jimmy and Ra Ra, they kicked your ass too?

CHARLIE

I doan know.

CHICKIE

And that guy Ronnie, and that crazy guy with the hat that time, they kicked your ass too. Even my boyfriend could prolly kick your ass.

CHARLIE

I don't think so.

CHICKIE

Everybody always kicks his ass too, but he's little. My boyfriend, he always says, "If I was as big as that retard —"

CHARLIE

What retard?

CHICKIE

Not you! Someone else!

CHARLIE

Who?

CHICKIE

I doan know.

(Pause)

CHARLIE

Lemme tell you something, Chickie. You ever watch the *Star Wars* movies?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

You know what a Jedi Fighter is?

CHICKIE

No.

CHARLIE

Chickie, a Jedi fighter is Han Solo and Obi Wan Kenobi and those guys over there. Even Darth Vader, you know Darth Vader?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Even he was a Jedi Fighter, but he used his powers for Bad, so now he gotta wear a mask and shit. Jedi Fighters got powers, like, they could do anything, okay?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Ya understand?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

Okay. I'm gonna tell you something, Chickie … Me, I'm a Jedi Fighter.

CHICKIE

Charlie?

CHARLIE

I'm serious, I got a Jedi name and everything. And I got powers. A lot a powers, but I can't use them

for Bad, or else I gotta wear a mask like Darth Vader, and I doan think that would fly too good in the city. I got Special Powers, but, why am I gonna waste them on Jimmy and Jose and RaRa and those guys? I can't take the risk to lose my powers by accidentally doing Bad against them. But lemme tell you this: If me and you was to go out "just as friends," and somebody tried to mess wit' you or do you harm, you better believe I would use all my Jedi Powers against them, even if I had to cross the line against them and do Bad to them, even if I had to wear a mask for the rest a my life because a it. I wouldn't care, 'cuz you would be protected and safe, and even if they took me to jail, I would give you money first so you could go eat shrimps, okay?

CHICKIE

Okay.

CHARLIE

Okay. Go get the pizza now.

CHICKIE

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Yeah?

CHICKIE

Do you think you could show my boyfriend how to be a Jedi? Me and him, we're supposed to go to Baltimore to see his friend Jon Seda the TV and movie actor, and maybe you could come too, and you could teach him how to be a Jedi, and maybe Jon Seda, he might wanna be one too, but mostly, you could teach my boyfriend 'cuz he'd prolly be good like you if you taught him. Could you do that?

CHARLIE

I doan know.

CHICKIE

Why not?

CHARLIE

'Cuz my doctor over there at the place, he said that to be a Jedi Fighter, you can't lie, steal, and you can't do drugs ever.

CHICKIE

Oh … I think I'll go get the pizza now.

CHARLIE

Okay.

CHICKIE

You want three YooHoos to drink, right?

CHARLIE

Uh huh.

CHICKIE

I'm gonna get a Diet Shasta, okay?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

CHICKIE

Can I get some gum for me and some of those little chocolate donuts for my boyfriend?

CHARLIE

Okay.

CHICKIE

Have you seen my boyfriend today?

CHARLIE

Nah.

CHICKIE

Okay.

CHARLIE

Chickie?

CHICKIE

What?

CHARLIE

Nuttin'.

CHICKIE

Okay.

(CHICKIE *exits. A beat.*)

SAMMY

Shoulda shoulda.

CHARLIE

"Shoulda, shoulda," Sam?

SAMMY

What you doan tell 'em, even if they know, they still doan know … 'cept if you doan want them to know. If you doan want them to know, then they know … they always know, 'cept if they doan know, which is why you gotta tell 'em. Should shoulda.

CHARLIE

Buy ya a drink, Sam?

SAMMY

Shoulda shoulda.

Act 1, Scene 4

Scene 4: Monday night. The bar.

GREER

It was different then —

SKANK

I get ya, man. You gettin' him, there, Chickie?

CHICKIE

He's talkin' about it was different then.

GREER

I got a friend. Franklin. I call him up Friday night, and — this is important — it's Friday night, okay?

SKANK

Friday night.

GREER

Not Monday, Friday! Oh! I need a drink. Barman! I'll have another, but, please, with a twist. This is not a twist, this is a wedge. Twist good, wedge bad, okay? You wanna drink?

SKANK

Sure.

GREER

Barman, one for him.

SKANK

How 'bout Chickie, can she have one too?

GREER

She looks a little young.

CHICKIE

People say I look young, but then, when they see me up close, they say I don't look so young as they thought I was before they saw me up close.

GREER

Right, fine, whatever, give her a drink. So anyway, I call up my friend Franklin: "Franklin, it's been so long, blah, blah, blah, I miss you, 'I miss you too, we should get together, I was just thinking of you,' la la la la la." So, I say, "Where you going out tonight?" Now, lemme tell you something about Franklin. Back in the day, if you wanted a party, just look for Franklin, because, I don't care if it's the deadest night of the week, if you find Franklin, you are gonna find a party, and a damn good one too. I'm talkin' about the Funhouse, Peppermint Lounge, the old Danceteria, I'm talkin' 'bout the Limelight when the Limelight was the Limelight! Palladium, the Pyramid, I'm talkin' about Studio 54. I'm talkin' about doing blow with Mick Jagger and Miss Liza Minnelli till eight a˙m˙ in the back of the limo and someone's grabbin' on your you-know-what,' and somebody's got someone's tongue in someone's somethin', and everyone's feelin' it, you hear what I'm sayin'?

SKANK

It's a fuckin' party.

GREER

Lord have Mercy, but it was. So I says to Franklin, I says, "Whatchu doing tonight, girl"? He says — I swear to God, if I'm lyin', I'm dyin' — he says, "Well, Greer, I'm making a pot a tea and watching *The Blue Lagoon.*" I says, "Creature from the Blue Lagoon"? He says, "No, Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins *Blue Lagoon.*" I says, "C'mon, girl, turn, off that TV, let's do it like we used to." He start talkin' 'bout AA this,

"jogging" that, and do I wanna go to a "meeting." You hear what I'm sayin'?
SKANK

That's rough, man.

GREER

Mothahfuckah started talkin' 'bout "The Lord." You feelin' me?

SKANK

Shit.

GREER

I mean, when a man start talkin' 'bout "The Lord," well, I was raised Baptist, I have heard absolutely all I need to ever hear about the damn "Lord." You wanna talk to me about "The Lord"? You better be the damn Lord — or else it's "get out a my kitchen, girl, 'cuz breakfast is definitely over"! I mean, am I wrong?

SKANK

Nah, man, I'm —

GREER

Everybody I know, it's the same shit: AA, NA, DA, GA … Name any fuckin' A," I know a mothahfuckah fallin' for it! You know they got a support group for people who think they gettin' too much sex? I mean, please. Have you ever known a man — gay, straight, whatever — have you ever had anybody, ever, come up to you talkin' about "Oh, man, I am getting just *too much* booty, and the more booty I get, the more miserable I am"? Nigga, please.

SKANK

It's ridiculous.

GREER

It's depressing is what it is. Used to be, take work for example. Everybody could go out, have a good time. Now? Shit. These assholes I work with, all they wanna do is drink one Lite beer or one faggot spritzer and go home and shave their damn bodies and pump iron and eat alfalfa sprouts and meditate

and watch that damn Calista Flockhart Skinny Bitch Show. You seen that show?
SKANK

Fuck that show, man.

GREER

I'll tell you right now: I never saw that show and I never will! I got better things to do with my time

than watch some skinny bitch being a skinny bitch.

(Pardon my language, but that's how I feel.)

And I don't need "The Lord" to tell me how to feel, or what to watch, and Christopher Atkins not withstanding, I will eat a damn pussy before I stay home on *Friday night* makin' tea and watching the damn *Blue Lagoon*! I need a drink and I need a smoke 'cuz I'm workin' up a sweat here. What are you smokin'?

SKANK

Lemme check. Chickie? What are we smokin'?

CHICKIE

We got, like, different kinds. No, wait. We don't got different kinds. We got two Viceroys, a Merit, and a Newport, but that's for me 'cuz that's my brand. We got four cigarettes.

GREER

What's her name?

SKANK

Chickie.

GREER

Chickie, why don't you go out and pick us up a pack of Dunhills.

(*To* SKANK)

You like Dunhills?

SKANK

Absolutely.

GREER

They're from England, you know.

SKANK

Really?

GREER

Oh yes. All the best tobaccos, they come from England.

SKANK

Right, yeah, I heard about that.

GREER

Here's ten dollahs, Chickie.

CHICKIE

They cost ten dollahs?

GREER

No. Bring me the change.

CHICKIE

Okay.

SKANK

Hey, Chickie, pick up a coupla a those little chocolate donuts. You know those little chocolate donuts they're like fifty-nine cents?

CHICKIE

The kind you like?

SKANK

Yeah. Those kind.

(*To* GREER)

Do you mind if she picks up a coupla —

GREER

Be my guest.

CHICKIE

Can I get a Jamaican Beef Patty? They cost a dollah, but he gives it to me for seventy-five.

GREER

Fine, fine. But please, be quick.

CHICKIE

Okay.

SKANK

Chickie?

CHICKIE

Yeah?

SKANK

Pack a Kools.

CHICKIE

Okay.

SKANK

And a Chunky.

(*To* GREER)

You like Chunky?

GREER

Sure.

SKANK

Two Chunkies.

(*To* GREER)

Should you give her more money?

GREER

She has enough.

SKANK

Right.

CHICKIE

(*To* SKANK)

You wanna come?

SKANK

Nah … Unless — Hey man, you feel like some blow? I know where to get some dynamite blow.

GREER

Good stuff?

SKANK

Good? This shit is, gimme twenty dollahs, I'll get us a nice bag, we'll party. You wanna party, man?

GREER

Maybe later.

SKANK

Later? See, later, they might be sold out 'cuz this stuff is like, it's really great, it's, it's … it's from fuckin' … fuckin' … it's from —

CHICKIE

Forty-seventh Street.

SKANK

No! "Forty-seventh Street," listen to her. You know where it's from? It's from Peru, this shit. Peru-tian, man. Gimme thirty dollahs, believe me, this coke, you do a coupla lines, you could lift a bus, man. Serious.

GREER

Why don't we let Chickie here get our cigarettes, we'll have another drink, and we'll talk about it.

SKANK

You wanna talk about it?

GREER

Is that okay with you?

SKANK

Yeah, sure, of course.

GREER

Great, so hurry back, Chunky.

CHICKIE

Chickie.

GREER

I'm sorry, I'm thinking about that Chunky.

(*To* SKANK)

Excellent idea, by the way.

SKANK

What?

GREER

The Chunky.

SKANK

Oh, yeah, Chunkies, they're great. Yeah. You know what's good?

GREER

What?

CHICKIE

So, you wanna come with me?

GREER

He's staying with me.

SKANK

Yeah, baby. I'll be here.

CHICKIE

Oh … okay.

(CHICKIE *exits.*)

GREER

Barman! Another round, s'il vous plait!

SKANK

S'il vous plait, huh?

GREER

It's French. Do you speak French?

SKANK

Sometimes, yeah.

(Pause)

GREER

So tell me what's good.

SKANK

Huh?

GREER

You were saying …

SKANK

Oh, yeah, right. About the Chunkies. What's good is, you go to a deli, right? And you order a large hot chocolate, but you tell them to stick a Chunky in the bottom, right?

GREER

I love, love, love, love chocolate.

SKANK

Yeah. Then what you do is, you sprinkle a little blow in it and you mash up a coupla Percoset, and you stir that in too.

GREER

Oh, my God! Then what?

SKANK

You drink it.

GREER

With a straw? With a spoon? What?

SKANK

I juss use my mouth.

GREER

I bet you do. Wow! Just, "Wow"!

SKANK

Breakfast a champions —

GREER

Can I tell you something? No, I better not. I need a smoke. I need a smoke now.

SKANK

Lemme ask Sammy. Sammy? Sammy, got a smoke?

(*To* GREER)

I'll just go through his pockets, he won't mind.

(SKANK *goes through* SAMMY' *s pockets, finds a pack.* SAMMY *grabs* SKANK' *s arm and stares at him vacantly.*)

SKANK

Hey there, Sammy, I was just lookin for a —

SAMMY

Whaddya wanna do, hold my hand?

SKANK

What?

SAMMY

Pat McDonagh says you'll stop asking for the money if I was to just hold your hand.

SKANK

Sammy, it's me.

SAMMY

I like whiskey, you like tea.

SKANK

Sammy, man, hey, hello?

SAMMY

I'm not Jimmy Stewart. Jimmy Stewart isn't Jimmy Stewart. You think Jimmy Stewart don't like a little ass with his biscuits?

SKANK

(*To* GREER)

Help me out, man.

GREER

Hey, mister! Can I buy you a drink?

SAMMY

Huh?

(SAMMY *releases* SKANK.)

GREER

Barman, a drink for the gentleman.

SAMMY

Thanks.

GREER

No problem.

SAMMY

You seen my wife?

GREER

I don't know your wife.

SAMMY

I didn't ask you do you know her; I said, did you see her?

SKANK

We haven't seen her.

SAMMY

Good. You sure?

SKANK

Yeah, Sam.

SAMMY

Good. Fuck her.

SKANK

Okay.

SAMMY

Don't marry a good woman.

GREER

We won't.

SAMMY

Marry a bitch, you'll sleep better.

(Pause)

SKANK

That old guy's got an iron grip —

GREER

What's your name?

SKANK

My name?

GREER

Thass okay. I'm Greer.

SKANK

Hey, Greer.

GREER

I'm in real estate. You think a location like this could make money?

SKANK

Huh? Yeah, definitely.

GREER

So, what do you do?

SKANK

Me?

GREER

Actor?

SKANK

I done some acting.

GREER

I thought you looked familiar.

SKANK

Yeah. You saw *Superman Three*?

GREER

I think so.

SKANK

I had an audition for that. What about *Gladiators*; you saw *Gladiators,* boxing movie?

GREER

You know what? Yes. I saw that.

SKANK

Okay, in the beginning, when the Spanish kid with the rattail, when he starts fighting and he beats that white guy with the tattoo?

GREER

Yeah?

SKANK

That's me, man.

GREER

Really?

SKANK

Look, see, here's my tattoo. In real life, the scene, it was longer, but in the movie it was like, "There I am, *boom!* I'm down"! You know that show *Homicide*? The kid with the rattail, he's on that show. He's a friend of mine. Jon Seda, man.

GREER

I don't know him, but I bet you're a lot better than him.

SKANK

Yeah, well, nah, he's a good guy. I'm supposed to go see him, me and Chickie, we're supposed to go for, like, a visit, but, like, you know, schedules and shit. You think you could gimme twenty dollahs?

GREER

For what?

SKANK

I'll come right back.

GREER

You'll come back?

SKANK

I juss gotta pick up this prescription, over at the Rite Aid —

GREER

Prescription?

SKANK

Yeah, it's my aunt. She gotta disease, man, it's bad.

GREER

What kinda disease?

SKANK

It's really bad, man. It's … a bad one.

GREER

Look, it's not that I don't trust you —

SKANK

Greer, man, I'll pay ya back. My friend, he's comin' by, he's supposed to be here, he got money, he owes me money, he's rich! Maybe you know him. Nic Cage, the actor?

GREER

Nic Cage is comin' here?!

SKANK

Yeah, man. We took a class together.

GREER

You're fuckin' cute, you know that?

SKANK

Yeah?

GREER

With your bitchin' little body. Lemme see your abs.

SKANK

Hey, man.

GREER

You want twenty dollahs? Lemme see your abs.

(SKANK *lifts his shirt.*)

GREER

Nice.

SKANK

You like that?

GREER

Yeah.

SKANK

I look good, right?

GREER

Okay, I give you twenty dollahs, whatchu gonna give me?

SKANK

Hey, man, I'm not takin' the money, I'm juss borrowing it. My friend's —

GREER

Yeah, yeah, Nic Cage, sick aunt, suck my dick, kiss my ass, okay? I give you twenty dollahs, whatchu gonna give me?

SKANK

Lissen, man —

GREER

Okay, good night.

(GREER *goes to leave.*)

SKANK

Wait, wait, wait! Siddown!

GREER

Talk to me, girl.

SKANK

Shit, man! What happened to trust, dude? What happened to taking a man at his word?

GREER

I sat back down for this?

SKANK

I'm juss sayin' —

GREER

You think you the only piece a ass on this street? I'll walk out that door right now and I'll find Younger, Better Looking, and Better Abs.

SKANK

So go then.

GREER

No. I'm gonna hear you out, 'cuz you got nice eyes. You got nice eyes, you know that?

SKANK

You like my eyes?

GREER

Your eyes got tragedy in them.

SKANK

Tragedy?

GREER

Tragedy's sexy … Talk to me, tragedy, do business with me.

SKANK

Okay, first of all, forget twenty dollahs, okay?

GREER

It's forgotten.

SKANK

Sixty dollahs.

GREER

Sixty dollahs for what?

SKANK

Okay. Sixty dollahs, we go to the bathroom.

GREER

Okay.

SKANK

I do a little show.

GREER

What kinda show?

SKANK

A sexy show.

GREER

Yeah?

SKANK

I'll gyrate, I'll touch myself.

GREER

Speak English.

SKANK

Okay, I'll jerk off for you. You can jerk off too.

GREER

Sixty dollahs so I could jerk myself off? I could do that at home for free watchin' the damn *Blue Lagoon.*

SKANK

Yeah, but with me, you get me.

GREER

Can I touch you?

SKANK

No.

GREER

You must be joking.

SKANK

Okay, you can touch me a little. My chest, my arms.

GREER

Your ass?

SKANK

Sorry, man. You can't touch my ass.

GREER

Forget it then.

SKANK

You wanna touch my ass? For eighty, you can touch it.

GREER

Eighty dollahs to touch your ass?

SKANK

I'm givin' you a competitive price.

GREER

For eighty dollahs I'm entering that ass! For eighty dollahs, that ass gonna hail me a cab home, tip the driver, and cook me breakfast in bed the next morning.

SKANK

I don't think you're aware of the current marketplace —

GREER

Lemme tell you something about the marketplace, girl —

SKANK

I'm not a girl —

GREER

I'm sorry, baby —

SKANK

I'm not a baby and I am not a fuckin' girl! You wanna talk business, let's talk business! Eighty dollahs.

GREER

You wanna talk business?

SKANK

Thass what I'm sayin'.

GREER

I'm gonna put it like this: Twenty dollahs, we go into the bathroom, you suck my dick.

SKANK

Suck your dick? Dude, you're outta your mind.

GREER

Is this a racial thing?

SKANK

Fuck you, man.

GREER

Good night!

SKANK

Look, uh, if you want a blow job, Chickie'll do that for you.

GREER

"Chickie"? What the hell I want with Chickie?

SKANK

You wanna blow job, Chickie blows.

GREER

Chickie ain't comin' back.

SKANK

Yeah she is.

GREER

How many crackheads you know, you give 'em a ten-dollah bill, they gonna come back?

SKANK

Look man, if I say Chickie's comin' back, then, she's comin' back.

GREER

We goin' to the bathroom or not?

SKANK

Look —

GREER

Good night!

SKANK

Wait!

GREER

I said, good night, Sweet Prince, this show is over!

SKANK

Fuck!

GREER

What?

SKANK

Fuck!

(pause)

Okay, I'll do it.

GREER

You gonna do it?

SKANK

Forty bucks, I'll jerk you off.

GREER

Twenty bucks.

SKANK

Thirty-five bucks, I'll jerk you, you can touch my ass.

GREER

Twenty bucks.

SKANK

Fuck, man. Thirty bucks, okay? Thirty. That's it. Thirty.

GREER

Twenty bucks.

SKANK

This is bullshit, man. You know who I am? You know where I been? I was in the army, man. I was in *Hamlet!* Fuckin' *Hamlet!* I did a commercial, man. I saved a kid once. I took a kid outta a burnin' crack house, risked my life! If I had money and someone needed it, I'd give it to him! I give money to people all the time! I let Chickie sell my last bag last week, my last bag. Do you know what that is to give someone your last fuckin' bag? How many of these scumbags out here would do that, huh? You know why I did it, man? 'Cuz I got the human compassion, man! I got the love in me, I got love! Love! What you got, man? What the hell you got?

GREER

I got twenty bucks. Whatchu gonna do?

(Pause)

SKANK

Let's go, man. Let's do it.

GREER

What're we gonna do?

SKANK

What you want.

GREER

Look me in my eyes … You know what I want to do?

SKANK

Just do it, okay? I doan wanna hear it, I just wanna do it. Give the bartender five bucks, he'll keep the bathroom clear.

GREER

Fine.

SKANK

You get fifteen minutes, man.

GREER

Doan worry, baby. What I wanna do ain't gonna take but five.

Act 2

Act 2, Scene 1

ACT 2: Scene 1: Eighth Avenue. Tuesday, 2 a˙m˙

CHICKIE

You gotta smile.

DEMARIS

For what?

CHICKIE

Watch. Do like I do, okay?

(*To a* MAN)

"Hey, baby!"

(*To* DEMARIS)

You gotta be like that. Like you're a party waitin' to happen.

(*To another* MAN)

"Hey, baby!"

(*To* DEMARIS)

Think about money.

DEMARIS

I'm a bank some "Benji's" tonight!

CHICKIE

Yeah, that's better. You doin' better.

DEMARIS

Yeah?

CHICKIE

But smile, like you know a secret.

DEMARIS

Yeah. Yeah. I'm wid dat!

CHICKIE

That's good!

(*To* MAN #1)

"Hey, Baby."

MAN #1

(*To* DEMARIS)

I like that ass.

DEMARIS

Fuck you, bitch!

(MAN #1 *hurries off.*)

DEMARIS

You bettah run, little punk-ass bitch!!

(*To* CHICKIE)

Oh, shit! You see dat nigga run?

CHICKIE

Demaris!

DEMARIS

I'm sorry.

CHICKIE

They're not supposed to be running away from us, Demaris.

DEMARIS

How you gonna let a man disrespect us like that?!

CHICKIE

You know what? I think this is a bad idea.

DEMARIS

I said I was sorry, Chickie.

CHICKIE

No. It's good that you're like that. It's just not good if you wanna make money.

DEMARIS

I wanna make money. I wanna make money for me and my baby.

CHICKIE

You mean your boyfriend!

DEMARIS

My boyfriend? Fuck that nigga! I'm talkin' bout my baby, my blood.

CHICKIE

You mean like a kid?

DEMARIS

You nevah seen my baby? Look, thass my baby, thass Evan. Thass a nice name, right?

CHICKIE

Oh! He's … he's cute.

DEMARIS

Right?

MAN #2

Hey there, ladies —

DEMARIS

Get the fuck out my face, you wanna get shot?

(MAN #2 *hurries off.*)

CHICKIE

Demaris!

DEMARIS

He was tryin' to get all up in my face.

CHICKIE

Yeah? So?

DEMARIS

Dat don't sit wit me.

CHICKIE

I'm sorry Demaris, but I don't get from you that you have what it takes to trick.

DEMARIS

So teach me.

CHICKIE

I did teach you.

DEMARIS

So teach me again.

CHICKIE

Demaris, it's not the worst thing in the world to be not good at this. It's prolly a good thing.

DEMARIS

No it ain't.

CHICKIE

There's a lot a others things you could prolly do. Like rob!

DEMARIS

Nah, 'cuz they say if I get locked up again, they gonna take Evan from me.

CHICKIE

But you could get locked up doin' this.

DEMARIS

But I heard the cops is friendly.

CHICKIE

Sometimes.

DEMARIS

I need ta make some bank, Chickie. I need ta make a place that ain't my mothah's place. I need ta be a mothah to my kid. I need bank.

CHICKIE

Demaris —

DEMARIS

I'll do whatevah you say, and I won't curse out no more peoples. I ain't tryin to come to you wrong, I'm juss axin' you as a friend.

CHICKIE

As a friend?

DEMARIS

What are you sayin', that you ain't my friend?

CHICKIE

Demaris, you pulled a gun on me, that's the only reason I'm doin' this.

DEMARIS

So then, what? You don't like me?

CHICKIE

You pulled a gun on me!

DEMARIS

I was juss playin', Chickie, I wouldn't have shotted you or nuthin'.

CHICKIE

That's not what you said before.

DEMARIS

Okay, so I apologize, okay?

CHICKIE

Demaris —

DEMARIS

Here. Take my gun … nah, for real, take it. I got my initials on there, see?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

Thass cool, right? You could keep it, like, as a gift. You to me … You like my coat?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

Try it on.

CHICKIE

Demaris —

DEMARIS

Juss try it on. It's nice, right?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

Dass 'cuz it's name brand!

CHICKIE

It's furry inside.

DEMARIS

You could have it, okay?

CHICKIE

You mean, like "have it" have it?

DEMARIS

Lissen, mama … I'm sorry about, like, threatenin' your life and shit. Okay?

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

Dat ain't me. I mean, it is me, but … you know the dilly, right?

CHICKIE

It's okay, Demaris.

DEMARIS

So you could teach me now?

CHICKIE

I just really need to get high, you know?

DEMARIS

You could take my chain and pawn it. Here, take it.

CHICKIE

Do I have ta pay you back?

DEMARIS

Are you my friend?

CHICKIE

Yeah —

DEMARIS

Then you doan haveta! We friends now, okay?

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

We niggas, right?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

And if a nigga's my friend, Chickie, then I got that nigga's back. I want you to know that. And even though you ain't really down, I still consider you as down, 'cuz you good people, you a friend. And if a nigga's a friend, then I put them in the books for life. I put them ahead a everybody, even family, 'cuz they the real family, know what I'm sayin', Chickie?

(*Pause*)

CHICKIE

Do you know who Jon Seda is?

DEMARIS

You mean that fine nigga from TV?

CHICKIE

My boyfriend knows him.

DEMARIS

Yeah?

CHICKIE

I spoke to him on the phone one time; he sounds just like on TV.

DEMARIS

He fine.

CHICKIE

Me and my boyfriend, we're gone leave here soon and go be with Jon Seda.

DEMARIS

For real?

CHICKIE

Yup.

DEMARIS

I could come too?

CHICKIE

I gotta ask my boyfriend first, that is, if I can find him, but, yeah, maybe.

DEMARIS

I could bring Evan?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

Jon Seda got like a mansion, right?

CHICKIE

He's got a built-in pool!

DEMARIS

For real? We could swim in there?

CHICKIE

Thing is, we gotta save money, 'cuz you know how guys are, they don't save good.

DEMARIS

How much you got saved?

CHICKIE

Right now? Nothin'. I mean, I had something saved before, but I had to make an emergency purchase 'cuz, well, I ended up smoking it, but, like, if me and you teamed up, we could be on the road with my boyfriend and Evan prolly like in a month.

DEMARIS

I like the way that sounds: "On the Road." You mean like in a car, right?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

DEMARIS

Mercedes?

CHICKIE

Or a Ford.

DEMARIS

"Built ta last," right? And we could drink champagne in the car and play games?

CHICKIE

Yeah. And we could stay in motels.

DEMARIS

Thass like a hotel, right?

CHICKIE

Do you like poems?

DEMARIS

Yeah.

CHICKIE

We could make up some poems in the car, like, poems about things.

DEMARIS

And eat chocolate!

CHICKIE

I'm thinkin' that when we get to Jon Seda's —

DEMARIS

I'm gonna fuck that nigga, watch!

CHICKIE

We could be like two couples.

DEMARIS

You seen Jon Seda's ass in *Primal Fear*? Dat shit is clean.

CHICKIE

You ever smoke crack?

DEMARIS

Nah … but don't tell nobody.

CHICKIE

See, the truth is, Demaris … you're really bad at this, but if you smoke a little crack, it's gonna take the edge off your … edge, ya know?

DEMARIS

Okay.

CHICKIE

Especially when you're just startin' out, like you. It helps.

DEMARIS

So less go get some.

CHICKIE

I'm a crackhead, you know that, right? I'm a pretty good crackhead, but still …

DEMARIS

So? I still like you.

CHICKIE

But if you smoke crack, ya know, people get addicted.

DEMARIS

I won't.

CHICKIE

No, but you might …

DEMARIS

I swear ta God I won't get addicted.

CHICKIE

Well …

DEMARIS

C'mon, Chickie, please?

CHICKIE

Well, here's the only thing I'm thinkin': When we get to Jon Seda's, he's rich so he could send us to Betty Ford, and we could get clean and quit for real and then we'd be just healthy and tan all the time and hang out with my boyfriend and Jon Seda.

DEMARIS

Don Johnson goes to Betty Ford, right?

CHICKIE

I think so.

DEMARIS

Ah-aight, I'll go. Not to fuck him or nuttin', but juss to, like, hang out, smoke a blunt. Take a photo.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

Lissen: Gimme back the chain. I'll pawn it and pick up some rock, okay?

CHICKIE

I could go.

DEMARIS

Nah, but, my friend, he could sell it to me cheaper, we could get bettah value like that.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

I'll be right back.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

Wait for me.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

You're gonna wait for me?

CHICKIE

Yup.

DEMARIS

I'll be right back.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

You gonna wait for me, right?

CHICKIE

Uh-huh.

DEMARIS

You my nigga, Chickie.

CHICKIE

You too.

DEMARIS

I'll be back like in ten minutes, maybe.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

You gonna be here when I get back, right?

CHICKIE

Yup.

DEMARIS

For real?

CHICKIE

Yes, Demaris, for real.

DEMARIS

Ah-aight.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

Bye.

CHICKIE

Bye.

DEMARIS

I'll be right back.

CHICKIE

Okay.

DEMARIS

Wait for me.

(DEMARIS *exits.* CHICKIE *lights a cigarette, smokes.* HOLY ROLLER *enters.*)

CHICKIE

Hi, baby.

HOLY ROLLER

Are you lost?

CHICKIE

Yeah.

HOLY ROLLER

God loves the lost.

CHICKIE

Yeah?

HOLY ROLLER

Yes, ma'am, he does.

CHICKIE

What about you, mister? You love the lost?

HOLY ROLLER

Me?

CHICKIE

You a cop?

HOLY ROLLER

No.

CHICKIE

You wanna go somewhere and save me?

HOLY ROLLER

I …

CHICKIE

Uh-huh.

HOLY ROLLER

I got a room, coupla blocks.

CHICKIE

Hundred dollars. Okay?

HOLY ROLLER

Okay.

CHICKIE

Money now, mister.

HOLY ROLLER

(*Opens his wallet*)

Three hundred dollars. Does that buy the afternoon?

CHICKIE

(*Takes the money*)

Let's go.

HOLY ROLLER

Jesus himself laid down with whores and sinners, serpents and snakes, people like you.

CHICKIE

I like Jesus.

HOLY ROLLER

"And the last shall be first." What's your name?

CHICKIE

Barbara.

HOLY ROLLER

You shall be first, Barbara. You shall be first.

CHICKIE

Okay.

Act 2, Scene 2

Scene 2. The bar, Tuesday afternoon.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

They threw out the jukebox?

JAKE

Hey, they got CD jukeboxes now.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

But it sound better when you could hear the record scratching.

JAKE

You people ruined that jukebox.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Don't put me in wit' those other people.

JAKE

(*Re: his slacks*)

This fuckin' stain! Goddamn Chinks, I'm gonna shove this suit up their ass! Twelve dollahs for dry cleaning, and look at this! I look like I pissed myself.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lemme take a look, baby.

(DAISY *bends down to examine the crotch stain.*)

JAKE

Twelve dollahs! The fuck does he get off thinkin' he can charge twelve bucks? Fuckin' Yuppie Chink fuck!

(*To* DAISY)

Hey, hey! Ease off! Not in front of The Walking Dead over there

(*To* SAM)

Hey! Whistler's Mother! When you finish suckin' on that ice, it's goodbye time.

SAMMY

The hobos, if ya gave them food, they'd put an "X" wit' chalk on your stoop so's another hobo would know it. They'd put an "X" —

JAKE

Yeah yeah, "X" this.

(*To* DAISY)

Jesus Christ, look at this, this is supposed to be my Florida suit.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You ain't goin' to Florida.

JAKE

Watch me!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

With your wife, right?

JAKE

Daisy, how many times we gotta plough the same field? Yes, wit' my wife. I got a wife, at least for now. I leave my wife now, whaddya think happens? She takes everything, I end up on a park bench wit' you and your pals. Not me sister, I got bigger fish to fry.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What about me?

JAKE

What about you?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

How you gonna act like that to me?

JAKE

Lissen, toots, I'm in a state a aggravation here, okay?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You ain't sensitive to my feelings, Jake.

JAKE

Okay, you know what? If I wanted someone wit' feelings, I'd get one I could take out in public! How's that? … Ya see what ya made me do? Ya see how ya made me stoop? I need a brawd's gonna bring me back up to my level, not drag me down to hers.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

It's like dat, huh?

JAKE

Sweetheart, look, why can't we enjoy the time we got now?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I'm tired a you threatenin' Florida on me.

JAKE

I'm sorry, okay? Lissen to me now: I made a reservation at the place you like, the Sizzler, and I'll tell ya what: I'll reserve the room till noon tomorrow, okay? We'll stay up late, make fun of the pornos like we used ta, make a night a it. Whaddya say, Peaches? Say, you like the dress I got you.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Do you like it?

JAKE

Like it? I can't wait to rip it off you! Lemme go back, get the keys, make a call, be back in a sec.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Whatever.

JAKE

Have a drink if ya like.

(JAKE *exits to back. A beat.* DAISY *pours a drink.* LENNY *enters.*)

LENNY

Hey honey, I seen you through the window.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Whaddya mean?

LENNY

Sittin' here wit' Sammy.

(*To* SAMMY)

Sam-my! ¿Qué pasa?

(*To* DAISY)

Hey, thass a beautiful dress.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny —

LENNY

Don't say it! Hey, the mirror is gone.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Yeah.

LENNY

I miss you; I would like ta tell dat to you.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Look —

LENNY

Lissen, I gotta coupla dollahs from my moms, why doan we get a coupla slices, go to that cheap movie theater I been hearin' about?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny —

LENNY

Lissen, this ain't easy for me to say, but —

(JAKE *enters from the back.*)

JAKE

Okay, Peaches. Let's roll.

LENNY

Peaches?

(*To* DAISY)

What's … what's goin' on?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Nuthin'.

LENNY

How come you two's dressed like that?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lenny, it's not what you think.

LENNY

Think? Think what?

JAKE

(*To* LENNY)

Hey, bozo, take a hike!

LENNY

Who you callin' bozo?

JAKE

Say it walkin', buddy.

LENNY

Why don't you make me?

(*To* DAISY)

Wha … What is this?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You've been gone six years, Lenny.

LENNY

So?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

So I gotta have a life too.

LENNY

Yeah, but … him?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I love him.

LENNY

You love me.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I need a man, Lenny.

JAKE

Last warning, pal.

LENNY

(*To* JAKE)

You shut up! Just, shut up!

(*To* DAISY)

You sayin' I ain't a fuckin' man? Dat what you think a me?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I need a man, Lenny.

JAKE

All right, that's it.

LENNY

(*To* JAKE)

Wait a second!

(*To* DAISY)

You want a man? I'll show you a man! I'm gonna get a job, and some money, and we gonna, we gonna go out! I'm a take you for a steak dinner and, and, then we gonna see a show; and I'm a take you on a horse and buggy through Central Park wit' a blanket ta keep us warm! Then, when we back together, I'm a come back and put a bullet in this mothahfuckah's head right here! Count on it!

JAKE

You wanna do it now?

LENNY

Count on it!

JAKE

You ain't doin' shit.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Jake!

JAKE

Big talk, zero action! You ain't gonna do a damn thing. Why? 'Cuz you ain't shit! I seen thousands like you, thirty years in this sewer! You know what you are? You're garbage, pal. Loser garbage. Look at me! You should jump in the friggin' Hudson, sink to the bottom wit' the rest of the crap, ya pussy. Do decent people a favor. Get outta here! Go!

(Jesus Christ, look at my suit, I swear ta God I'm goin' to Florida!)

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Jake —

JAKE

You people got some surprises in store. Peaches, get me a little more club soda, eh?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Jake, you hurt him.

JAKE

And what? *You* didn't? Fuck this noise.

(JAKE *exits.*)

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Jake!

(*To* LENNY)

You mess up everything.

(DAISY *runs out calling for* JAKE. *A beat.*)

SAMMY

They put an "X" wit' the chalk, juss like that, Gladdis…. "X."

Act 2, Scene 3

Scene 3: Tuesday night. Eighth Avenue. Demaris, alone and wasted.

DEMARIS

Who wanna buy some pussy up in this mothahfuckah? Who wanna work my middle tonight? Y'all a bunch a punkass bitches!

(*A man walks by*)

'Scuse me, sir. Sir! You wanna blaze my ass? How 'bout I suck your little tiny pinga

(*Man hurries off.*)

Faggot! Little punk! Shit.

(*A woman walks by.*)

'Scuse me, bitch, you a lesbian? You want a little choacha?

(*Woman hurries off.*)

S'matter, bitch? You know you want it!

(*A man walks by.*)

The fuck you lookin' at, nigga? You nevah saw no 'ho before? Go home ta your mama, bitch!

(DEMARIS *starts singing the Boys 2 Men song "Mama." A beat. A man approaches.*)

CARROLL

You got a nice voice.

DEMARIS

Shut up, I'm singin'.

(DEMARIS *sings a bit more, then stops abruptly.*)

DEMARIS

Dat was Boys 2 Men.

CARROLL

That was great.

DEMARIS

Hi.

CARROLL

Hi.

DEMARIS

Um, hi.

CARROLL

Whaddya doin'?

DEMARIS

Um, nothin', but, um … I'm smilin', I wish Chickie could see, I'm smilin', right?

CARROLL

Yes you are.

DEMARIS

I got criticized earlier, for not smilin', but now I'm smilin,' right?

CARROLL

Hey, you got me smilin' now.

DEMARIS

I got a good smile, right? Does it look like I know a secret or some shit?

CARROLL

It looks pretty.

DEMARIS

Thank you, thass a nice compliment, uh …

CARROLL

So, whaddya up to?

DEMARIS

Um, yeah, like, you cute and shit.

CARROLL

Thank you.

DEMARIS

So, like, you wanna party?

CARROLL

What kinda party?

DEMARIS

You know, like, fucking?

CARROLL

Hey, you cut right to the chase, don't you?

DEMARIS

Yeah, I'm like that. So, you wanna fuck me?

CARROLL

For free?

DEMARIS

No stupid, not for free. Sorry, I didn't mean "stupid" like that, I juss meant not the "for free" part. You know what I'm sayin'? 'Cuz like, I tell you right now, I could fuck like a mothahfucker, wear a nigga out, know I'm sayin? You cute, though. I like the way you, yeah …

CARROLL

So, how much?

DEMARIS

How much you wanna spend?

CARROLL

I'm flexible.

DEMARIS

You bettah be flexible, 'cuz, I'll wear your ass out wit' like positions and shit —

CARROLL

Name your price.

DEMARIS

Ah-aight … How 'bout a "G"? Thousand dollars, you could have this ass, plus … plus … look! I got some crack. You smoke crack? And also I got a blunt somewhere, where it go? Here it is! It's good too, chronic! One "G," I'll get ya high and fuck ya dry … thass a rhyme! Look at my ass! Thass a ass right there! Thousand dollahs, you can have it! Whaddya say? You got a light?

CARROLL

Sorry, sweetie.

DEMARIS

The fuck you doin'? Get ya hands off me, nigga!

CARROLL

Hit me, it gets ugly quick.

DEMARIS

Fuck you, bitch! Ow, nigga! That hurts!

CARROLL

Let's go.

DEMARIS

Lemme get my cigarette.

CARROLL

I'll get you another in the precinct, how's that?

DEMARIS

Precinct?

CARROLL

What are you doin' out on a school night anyway?

DEMARIS

Please don't take me to no precinct, mistah.

CARROLL

Better I should leave you out here so you could end up like that girl we found in the Dumpster?

DEMARIS

But they gonna take my baby if you bust me.

CARROLL

Maybe they should.

DEMARIS

Dat ain't right what you said, mister! Dat ain't right!

CARROLL

C'mon, kid, this is like going to the doctor; we give ya a lollipop when it's all over.

DEMARIS

Hold up a minute!

CARROLL

Pop Tarts and Apple Jacks at the station house, let's go.

Act 3

Act 3, Scene 1

ACT 3: Scene 1: The bar. Wednesday morning

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Hey, Charlie, how you doin'?

CHARLIE

Good.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I could get a Bacardi?

CHARLIE

Nah.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Charlie, I wasn't axing it like a question. Gimme a Bacardi.

CHARLIE

I can't.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Why not?

CHARLIE

It ain't twelve.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

C'mon.

CHARLIE

You know I can't serve before twelve.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What about Sammy there, he got a drink.

CHARLIE

Yeah, but he's old.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

So?

CHARLIE

So, he's old. He could drop any minute, like this, he won't go thirsty.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Gimme a Bacardi in a coffee cup then.

CHARLIE

You make my job hard, Daisy.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Yeah, well, it's a hard world.

(CHARLIE *pours her a drink.*)

CHARLIE

Three dollars.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You could put it on a tab?

CHARLIE

No more tabs, Jake said.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Why not?

CHARLIE

'Cuz he said it.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

But why?

CHARLIE

I ain't tellin'.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Tellin' what?

CHARLIE

The thing I ain't tellin'.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lemme get another!

CHARLIE

You ain't paid for the first one.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I bet if Chickie wanted one, you'd give her the whole bottle.

CHARLIE

No.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

'Cuz you like her.

CHARLIE

No.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I'm gonna tell her!

CHARLIE

C'mon, Daisy.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Lemme get a double then.

(CHARLIE *pours a double.*)

CHARLIE

I like you a lot better when you ain't like this.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You seen Lenny?

CHARLIE

Nah.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

He didn't come home lass night.

CHARLIE

Maybe he got caught up.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I guess. How 'bout Jake? You seen him?

CHARLIE

Not yet … Nine dollars.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Charlie …

CHARLIE

C'mon, Daisy: Three drinks, nine dollars.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

So, if I had three drinks, then where my free one at?

CHARLIE

You gotta pay for three to get one free.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

So lemme pay you in the back.

CHARLIE

Nah.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You doan wanna touch my titties?

CHARLIE

C'mon, Daisy.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Wha? You doan like my titties no more?

CHARLIE

Nah, Daisy. It ain't nuttin' against your titties.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

So, what is it?

CHARLIE

It's things. Things is changin'.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What things?

CHARLIE

Besides that, it ain't right. It ain't right for … you know, it ain't right.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You sayin' you better than me?

CHARLIE

Nah, Daisy. I ain't better than you and those people out there, they ain't better than us. Probably, I'll miss your titties. I like 'em.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Why you gonna miss 'em — they ain't goin' nowhere?

CHARLIE

Forget it, Daisy. I'll juss put the money in the register myself.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You don't got a pay for me! I pay my own way!

CHARLIE

So, then … ah, forget it.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Here.

CHARLIE

What's this?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

It's a toaster.

CHARLIE

Where'd you get it?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

My friend gave it to me.

CHARLIE

What's it do?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

It makes toast, the fuck you think it does?!

CHARLIE

I get my toast from the deli, Daisy.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What's goin' on 'round here, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Nuttin'.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

You ain't my friend no more!

CHARLIE

I am too, Daisy.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

No you ain't.

CHARLIE

I am too!

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Fuckin' Lenny, fuckin' Jake, fuckin' you. Thass okay, though. I know who my friends is.

(*Pause*)

SAMMY

Gladdis!

CHARLIE

Yeah, Sammy?

SAMMY

More tea!

CHARLIE

You want beer tea or whiskey tea, Sammy? Sammy?

SAMMY

I'm talkin' about the day they moved the Dodgers outta Brooklyn …

CHARLIE

Talkin' to who?

SAMMY

Spit shine. I got my first spit shine with the old man, spit shine, shot a whiskey, Roy Campanella … Campy …

CHARLIE

Thass good, Sam.

SAMMY

Mickey Owen come on my bus, I wouldn't let him on.

CHARLIE

Yeah?

SAMMY

I says, "You think about what you done, Mick, you think about it."

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Charlie, please, stop talkin' to that fool.

SAMMY

(*To* DAISY)

Huh?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Ah, fuck … Hi, Sam.

SAMMY

Marisol?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Marisol?

SAMMY

(*To* CHARLIE)

My wife here?

CHARLIE

Nah, Sammy.

SAMMY

If my wife was to come in here now, oh boy! Oh, boy!

CHARLIE

I got ya covered, Sammy.

SAMMY

Ya do?

CHARLIE

I got lookouts on both sides a Forty-third Street.

SAMMY

You look beautiful, Marisol.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Thank you.

SAMMY

You look even more beautiful than I remember. How'd ya get so beautiful?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

I don't know, Sam.

SAMMY

"It's better to light one up than to curse the darkness." Remember that, Marisol?

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Okay.

SAMMY

You gotta nice shape, Marisol.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Thank you.

SAMMY

Don't tell my wife.

CHARLIE

We won't, Sam.

SAMMY

You seen my wife?

CHARLIE

I think she's at the A & P.

(*Pause*)

SAMMY

She's not at the A & P, Charlie.

(*To* DAISY)

I'm gonna light a candle for ya, Marisol.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Okay.

SAMMY

I gotta light a candle for Gladdis first, but then I'm gonna light one for you 'cuz you're more beautiful than I remembered.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Thanks, Sam.

SAMMY

And what I remembered was pretty good. Beautiful … beautiful … I wish we lived in Arabia.

DAISY HERNANDEZ

What?

SAMMY

Arabia …

(*He drifts off.*)

DAISY HERNANDEZ

Charlie?

CHARLIE

Here, Daisy — one on me.

(GREER *enters with a fashionable-looking gentleman.*)

GREER

(*Talking to his friend*)

See the bar? It's genuine antique oak from 1937, feel how sturdy, smooth? But fuck it, I want it out a

here. The fixtures are for shit, but look at the moldings. Nice, right? They can stay, maybe. This wall's coming down and *that* — what do you call that thing? Anyway, garbage! Oh, and they got a great bathroom in the back … Okay, the walls: Lime! I want everything Lime! You wanna drink?

(*To* CHARLIE)

Barman! Two Herrendura frozen margaritas, light salt, heavy lime, make it with Cointreau.

(*To his friend*)

That's French, you know.

CHARLIE

Uh, we doan make that, we ain't got it.

GREER

(*To his friend*)

See what I mean?

(*To* CHARLIE)

Fine, fine. Two beers. Cold. You got cold beer?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

GREER

Good. And take down that soccer poster, whatever it is, it's hurting my eyes.

SAMMY

In Arabia, you can have two wives.

(*To* CHARLIE)

One for you and one for me.

(*To* DAISY)

And one for you, Marisol. Beautiful.

GREER

(*To his friend*)

I'm thinkin' about keepin' the ol' man. Put him in a tux, you know, for atmosphere?

SAMMY

In Arabia … we'd all be kings!

Act 3, Scene 2

Scene 2; Wednesday night. A park bench near the Westside Highway. Skank is nodding. Charlie enters holding a bag with a Darth Vader mask in it.

CHARLIE

Wake up, fuckin' junkie! Wake up, skell!

SKANK

Huh?

CHARLIE

You shoulda been there for her. You shoulda protected her!

SKANK

Huh?

CHARLIE

They got her on a fuckin' table all cut and naked, I was there. Where the fuck were you?! You were being a fuckin' lowlife piece-a-shit junkie, thass where you was!

SKANK

Wha?

CHARLIE

You ain't gonna live another day, thass for sure. Thass the least I could do, you fuckin' bastid!

(CHARLIE *attacks* SKANK.)

CHARLIE

You think it's funny? You think this is a friggin' joke? I brung her shrimps! Dey wouldn't let me leave them wit' her, but at least I brung 'em! What did you bring? You didn't even bring your stinkin' junkie self!

SKANK

Who?

CHARLIE

I woulda protected her! Kept her safe! I wouldn't a let her be hookin' or nothin', I woulda helped her! I shoulda helped her! I shoulda! I —

(CHARLIE *puts on his Darth Vader mask and takes out a knife.*)

CHARLIE

I'm crossin' to another place. I'm crossin' it, and I'm takin' you wit me. You didn't deserve her. You never deserved her! She was a princess! She was a Princess fuckin' Leia, thass who she was! She was, she was …

(CHARLIE *takes off the mask, drops the knife.*)

CHARLIE

I woulda made her a princess. An Arabian princess. She woulda … She, she woulda …

(CHARLIE *empties his money out of his pocket, a few coins and loose singles. He drops it near* SKANK' *s hands. He spits.*)

(CHARLIE *exits.* SKANK *is giggling and gurgling, oblivious.*)

Act 3, Scene 3

Scene 3. Dawn. A park bench near the West Side Highway. Skank is drinking his hot chocolate. A beat. Lenny runs by with a purse.

LENNY

You seen 5-0?

SKANK

Huh?

LENNY

Cops. You seen cops?

SKANK

Nah, man.

LENNY

I know you?

SKANK

What?

LENNY

I know you, right? Gimme your hat.

SKANK

Hey, man. I'm juss sittin' here.

LENNY

Gimme the hat.

SKANK

Here, man.

LENNY

Switch jackets wit me!

SKANK

What're ya talkin' bout, "jackets"?

LENNY

I got no time here, okay? Switch jackets.

SKANK

I doan think my jacket's gonna fit you, man, no offense.

LENNY

C'mon, quick!

SKANK

Okay, okay … hey, this is a nice jacket man, thanks.

LENNY

It's temporary, don't stink it up. Take this purse, hide it in your pants.

SKANK

Look, man, I'm holding here, I'm not lookin' to get busted, this is my quiet time here, bro.

LENNY

Juss hide it!

SKANK

Where I'm going to put it?

LENNY

Look man, put it in your ass, I doan care. Make it disappear.

SKANK

You should calm down, man.

LENNY

Doan tell me —

SKANK

Here, bro, have a sip a this.

LENNY

Juss talk to me like you know me, like we been here for hours.

SKANK

Have a sip, man. Go ahead. Here, take the comics, pretend you can read.

LENNY

I could read.

(LENNY *takes a sip.*)

This shit is good, what is it?

SKANK

It's good, right?

LENNY

Damn, this shit is good.

SKANK

I'm gonna get that shit copyrighted, make a million dollars!

LENNY

You should.

SKANK

Hey, don't drink it all, save me some.

LENNY

Juss a little more.

SKANK

Okay … we could share it.

LENNY

You made this shit?

SKANK

Yup.

LENNY

It's very creamy.

SKANK

I know.

LENNY

But it has a kick.

SKANK

I'm a creative person, I got skills like that.

LENNY

You see cops?

SKANK

Nah … what'd you do, knock over a ol' lady?

LENNY

She wasn't that old. She was big.

SKANK

Yeah?

LENNY

Bigger than me. She punched me.

SKANK

Yeah?

LENNY

Yeah. I was gonna punch her back, but then I woulda felt guilty.

SKANK

How much money she got?

LENNY

I doan know. I juss ran.

SKANK

Wanna open it?

LENNY

Hey! Chill!

SKANK

I'm chill, man.

LENNY

I'm gonna take that money, buy my girl a steak dinner, shut her ass up! If I got anything left, I'm gonna get a gun, a big fuckin' Gat, so mothafuckahs know I ain't playin'.

SKANK

Good idea.

LENNY

Yeah.

(*Pause*)

SKANK

Hey, you heard about Sammy?

LENNY

Sammy?

SKANK

The old guy, Sammy?

LENNY

What about him?

SKANK

He died in the bar last night.

LENNY

Really?

SKANK

When he died, Jake and the bartender, they put him on the street, laid him out like a strip a bacon, man, before they called 911. They didn't want the cops fuckin' up business, plus, something about insurance.

LENNY

Thass fucked up.

(*Pause*)

SKANK

When I die, man, I wanna die here, with the sound of the traffic on the highway puttin' me to sleep.

LENNY

Yeah?

SKANK

I almost died here last week, but Chickie came by, woke me up.

LENNY

Chickie's your girl?

SKANK

Yeah … I should go find her. She's, like, missing.

LENNY

So's mine.

SKANK

Who? Your girl?

LENNY

I doan wanna talk about it.

(*Pause*)

SKANK

A guy jerked off on my face the other night for twenty dollars, man. He came right in my eyes.

LENNY

Yeah?

SKANK

Like I was nothin'.

LENNY

Yeah.

SKANK

Twenty bucks.

LENNY

Thass okay … at least you got twenty bucks, man.

SKANK

Thass what I'm tryin' to tell myself.

(*Pause*)

LENNY

Let's open this bag man.

SKANK

Want me to go?

LENNY

Why? You wanna go?

SKANK

Nah, but, uh … if you want —

LENNY

Nah, man, stay … Stay … you can stay.

(*End of play*)